tall as the tire of a grain combine, stands and peels the husks back. Knowing how to grab all the silk in one great pull, murmurs making a mess of it, city girl.

In the deep fresh pull of wild horse radish, he talks of roses; he can not keep them from climbing. I ask him what morning looks like dressing itself outside his window.

And I have almost caught him in the danger of his peonies, the way even the newest, strongest, firmest ones collapse, fall in on themselves given time.